

Men-Which Remembrance?
Southern despots slave-dealers. Go where you will, and you will find this sentiment prevailing. This, in itself, is a conclusive answer to those who affirm that slavery is a blessing. A fact was stated in a pulp, in this city, which illustrates our remark. One of the slave-dealers of Baltimore, went down as passenger on one of the steamers from this city to New Orleans. He was known, yet no one seemed to notice him!

At Evansville, a minister came on board, and the trader fastened himself upon him. But the secret came out. "I do the business on right," "I never separate families," "I am humane to all I purchase." "And I always give liberally to churches." These were his assertions; but they did not avail him.

He was still left alone!

A Good Example.
The committees for the poor of our city are busy in their good work. Quietly, but effectively, they are dispensing wisely the public charity.

It happened that a free colored woman needed aid. Her case was attended to; but it was found, that she could not live long. She had three children, and, immediately, steps were taken to obtain for them good situations. Three responsible citizens offered to take charge of them, and bring them up. A worthy and excellent citizen remarked—

"We must see that their rights are secured."

"No danger," replied another, "the persons who are to take them are all responsible."

"I know that," was the answer, "but they may die—some accident might happen—and these free blacks sent South and sold. We must put their rights beyond the shadow of a doubt."

It has been done. And this was the action of a slave-holder. Need we say that a spirit like this is fully prepared to do full justice to the colored race? Can any one doubt what such benevolence will do?

We bear our testimony to the true benevolence, and hearty zeal, with which the committee of the poor are discharging their duty. They mean that none shall be neglected, and in the case of the poor colored woman, and her children, have given an example which too many of the people of the free States are far from following.

Popping Up.
We have stated that the population of Wisconsin, was estimated, at this time, at near 230,000. A Southern paper says:

"It has in point of numbers precedence of six States in the Union."

Putting the smaller States out of the question, where are they? In the South or North? The paper adds:

It is thought that the population in 1850 will fall very little short of 500,000, and this estimate will not be deemed unreasonable when it is recalled that there were but 2,345 souls in the Territory only seventy years ago.

Only seventy years ago! Think of that. Think of the increase away in the frozen North, and ask, if free, what would ours be, ask if free, how Virginia as well as Kentucky, would swell in population? Why, both could do the fullest justice to the colored people and pay for them twice over—in ten years—if we chose, simply by the increase of the value of our lands. Shall we not do that justice? Shall we not secure this good prosperity?

War.
We refer to this subject, always, with pain. War is not our policy. It can only breed difficulties, which will do more to unsettle law, and jettison the foundations of our Constitution, than all other causes put together.

The moated losses, occasioned by war, are great; but this we consider, as we believe our people, generally, consider it, a secondary matter—not life or death—but yet subordinate. There are other evils of greater magnitude. And first among these, is that war distorts directly to make and keep up false distinctions, to establish class interests, to elevate and strengthen the few. What is the policy of our government? Wherein and on what does its whole spirit rest? On this, that every being born among us has the right to the free pursuit of whatever may advance his true interest. It was life sought to be now—its sole object, to make—its course, and liberty stable, and to put happiness, as far as may be, within the reach of all.

War reverses all this. The poor man who labors hard, and honestly, all his life, who brings up a family, amid temptation and difficulty, wisely and well, who is felt, if not known by the good he does, may die and rot, without receiving a cheer as he struggles on, or a word of general sorrow when he passes away. Yet the soldier, by one act, by a simple display of physical power, even when his whole life shall have been a reckless violation of the laws of God and man, may win a nation's praise, and be a hero! The masses who uphold this injustice endanger, thereby, their rights, and in the end, will sacrifice them.

Admitting our citizen soldiery, one and all to be in feeling, as just as brave—still, war, and especially, such a war as that now waging against Mexico, if continued, must familiarize them, and the nation, to cruelty, tyranny, and every wrong. Does liberty of speech exist where our soldiery stand? Not a paper is published in the city of Mexico without first undergoing the supervision of our officers! Are the social rights of that invaded land regarded? It is not in the power of all the officers of the army to prevent their flagrant violation. The eye, the ear, and the heart, may thus become so used to injustice, as to blight that quick sense of right which blanches at wrong, and dreams not of brooking it, teaching both soldiery and people to do, or submit to it.

The palpable danger of our land—so free, so rich in resource, so full of opportunity to all, is that our ambition, individually, to be upermost may consume itself by the very fierceness of its own flame. It is this thought, it is the fear of abuses and wrongs likely to flow from this cause, which lies, philosophically, at the bottom of the creed of the Democracy.

The political opposition to monopolies of every kind, to banking institutions, to money shavers, to speculation and speculators, to tariffs, and all measures which may tend to bolster up the few, and put the many at discomfort or disadvantage, begins and ends here. But what can this war do—what other effect can wars of conquest produce—than to rive closer, and stronger, every feeling, every influence, every interest, on which this ambition—on which these class distinctions, and class interests, lean and rely for support?

cases of oppression, the Democracy say, in speech, and action, and resolution, "tyranny like this, a social or legal despotism so heinous as this, cannot and must not be submitted to—tax your mangled Shylocks 'till they shall be driven, in very shame, from their heartless business, and by law forbid forever, all monopolies."

Is the Democracy in earnest? Does it mean what it says? Let it turn its eye upon Mexico. What is the last of conquest there exhibited? Only this hard grasping spirit aimed out on a national scale. What the thirst for plunder there indulged? A sweepingly selfish avarice which grasps all it can get—nothing more nor less. And what the unbridled lawlessness which makes might—the power to do—the limit of its action? The very essence of every polluted feeling which in the individual would strip naked the poor man, and leave him to starve while tables, around him, groined with plenty! Aye, this national robbery, this bold and profligate national plunder, this daring display of national lawlessness, on the Mexican soil, is but a concentration, abroad, of every evil which the Democracy ever conjured up, and a surer quickener, of dire dangers, at home, than has ever yet had to meet. Can national avarice exist, and individual avarice be checked? Can national oppression be tolerated, and individual oppression be prevented? Can national heartlessness be exhibited, and individual heartlessness be successfully combated? Why, the actions of the Government are but the expressed will of the nation, and, if its acts be bad, the spirit and conduct of the people will be bad, also. It is vain to look, hope for, or dream of any other result.

There is danger—great danger—in our country, of our forgetting from these causes, the example of our fathers, and obliterating their spirit; we may say, indeed, that this will be so, if we are to ride on a storm of military conquest. Our peril is more imminent than that of any European people.

Europe groans under her war-debt. It weighs down Prince and People, and arrests progress for freedom, and efforts for progress, in all the more civilized nations. Experience has taught Europe the folly and wickedness of war. The causes which produce it—the ends and aims of war—its results—are known—felt every day, and every hour—and every day, and every hour, consequently, the voice of the many grows louder and stronger as it proclaims the Christian freedom of man—Peace on Earth, Good Will to men. No creppings of rank bewilder them longer. No mail-clad warriors mislead them into clamoring for blood, when, if the foe fall, the masses know their heel shall tread down the peasant armies that bore these victors on to triumph! The true liberals of Europe, therefore—those who yearn for revolution—and are eager to battle for it—use only moral action; they eschew all violence; they ask for no armor—suits; and on their flags, and over their banquet rooms, and upon the banners that float from their halls, is inscribed, as their motto, Peace, and Progress. But here—in this new Republican land—while we have no such war experience, no such war debts, we are, individually, fired by a fiercer social ambition, and love of distinction, than any nation, ancient or modern, ever exhibited; and if the policy and spirit of our Government shall foster these ruling passions, by wars of conquest, we shall end, as sure as we exist, in having a military despotism, privileged orders, and class interests.

What is to prevent? Not the temper of our leaders, political, monied, or military! Some of them—many, at first—would peril life in a moment to prevent this change; but the habitual assertion of authority, without reference to others' claims or any standard of justice, the open robbery carried on under pretense of law, yet in violation of all right, the mental use of freedom as soldiers, breeding contempt for them, and contempt for the masses, on the part of those who rule or direct, must wrap the Republic in one black pall of moral ruin. Of all disasters, of any spirit created by whatever is evil, indeed, we regard wars of conquest as the worst. Franklin, in pithy style, and with graphic power, sketches the terrors of the battle—scarcely with startling strength—

"In what light we are viewed by superior beings may be gathered from a piece of late West India news, which probably has not yet reached you. A young angel of distinction being sent down to this world on some business, for the first time, had an old courier-spirit assigned him as a guide. The angel, upon the seas of Martinique, in the middle of the long day of obstinate fight between the fleets of Rodney and De Grasse—When through the clouds of smoke he saw the fire of the guns, the decks covered with mangled limbs, and bodies dead or dying; the ships sinking, burning, or blown into the air; and the quantity of pain, misery, and destruction, the crews yet alive were thus with so much eager dealing round to one another; he turned angrily to his guide, and said, 'You blundering blockhead, you are ignorant of your business; you undertake to conduct me to the earth, and you have brought me into hell!' 'No, sir,' says the guide, 'I have made no mistake; this is really the earth, and these are men. Devils never treat one another in this cruel manner; they have more sense, and more of what men (vainly) call humanity.'"

But no man that we know of has been able, with pen or pencil, to group, and, in one picture, paint the misery, corruption, injustice, inhumanity, irreligiousness, of wars of conquest. They are the very blackness of human iniquity. They reach, invariably, to the utmost depth of human misery, and gauge the farthest bounds of human guilt. Never have they been begun, and abandoned! Never yet did they fail to overthrow the government that systematically carried them on! Never now, or hereafter will they produce any other consequences but decay, and degradation, and a biting and universal misery, to the people who habitually sustain them.

Cassius M. Clay.
The New Orleans papers speak enthusiastically of this gallant Kentuckian. He is welcomed everywhere with more warmth. All parties bear the fullest testimony to his bravery, warm-heartedness, devotion to his soldiers, and his noble generosity. We copy the following:

Capt. Cassius M. Clay—Among the officers of the army, at present sojourning in our city, we notice the gallant, the whole-souled and benevolent Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky. We have conversed with many officers, both from Gen. Taylor and Gen. Scott's division of the army, and they enthusiastically testify in testimony to the valor, skill and whole-heartedness of their brother officer, the brave and gifted son of Kentucky. The person of Capt. Clay, but so towering as we expected to find it, but his piercing dagger-like eyes, and prominent nose, and remarkable features, indicative of the mind and the heart of a hero. There are some sentiments entertained by this gentleman in conflict with those we advocate, but this should not prevent us from expressing our high estimate of a true-hearted American—a gallant spirit—N. O. National.

Cassius M. Clay—Our desire to become acquainted with this gallant young Kentuckian was gratified by a short interview yesterday. Capt. Clay is no more like the man we took him to be, than a dove is like a hawk. His manner and appearance indicate a quiet reserve and modesty approaching nearly to diffidence, but little accord with the fiery courage, ardent eloquence and strong feelings, which mark his character as developed in his political and military history. He has the manners of an unassuming gentleman and warm-hearted Kentuckian, and leaves upon every person with whom he comes in contact a very pleasing impression. He came to our city to-day on his return to his home and family, after eighteen months of absence, the greater part of which time was spent in captivity—N. O. Delta.

Thus do the Southern papers speak of the young Kentuckian. Everywhere, and among all classes, his welcome has been a warm one, and, from what we hear, slaveholders vied with each other in the far South in showing him every attention. Nor was his reception less warm on his native soil. He arrived here on Wednesday. And, when known, many of our citizens gathered round him, and gave him as hearty a welcome as men could give. We were gratified, in the momentary interview we had with him—his stop was brief—to see the laboring man pressing forward to give him their cheer. "Is this Cassius M. Clay?" and one of them as he stretched out his toll-worn hand with hearty zeal—"I came only to see you." He will meet with as warm a reception all over the State.

Mr. Clay is unchanged in look, and we need hardly add, unchanged in opinion. Mr. Clay will have a public reception at Lexington by the citizens, and it will be hard for him to go anywhere in Kentucky, where the same honors would not be showered upon him. The people love and respect him, and they will demonstrate both in the heartiest manner.

Speaking Out.
The following verdict was given at a coroner's inquest, held at Toronto, Canada:

"That the said W. Paris Vincent, on the 3d day of November, departed this life by delirium tremens, induced by habits of excessive drinking; and they (the jury) consider Mr. Sutherland highly blameable in supplying him with wine in large quantities within the last ten days, he knowing the young man's previous habits."

This is an example worth imitating. It is caring for the living, (and this should be our great object even in commemorating the dead,) by bringing the moral influence of the law, and of public opinion, to bear directly against crime. We never can, and never will, respect character and value life, as we ought, until we learn to speak the truth on all matters appertaining to both, and have courage to call things by their right names.

What Mr. Robinson Thinks.
Hoses Higelow is no fool. He writes with a keenness which cuts "clean," and makes every body enjoy it. We cannot help laughing, no matter whom he hits, and he must be an ill-natured fellow whom does not enjoy it.

All parties know how common the practice is, of writing to Mr. A. or Mr. B., enquiring "how he will vote?" It is generally a state trick, and pretty well understood. Politicians doubtful of their position or fearful that the people may forget them, get friends to ask them publicly—"what they think on this measure?" or how they will vote on that?—and they have an opportunity to flourish, and appear in the prints, and to be read of all men. Hoses satirizes this practice, as it deserves to be satirized. J. P. Robinson enjoyed it we dare say—at least the Boston Courier (where the article appeared) says so one will be more likely to laugh over it than he.

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we find education discouraged, and in many cases prohibited because it is known that such knowledge is connected with freedom, so is ignorance connected and linked with slavery." (Cheers.)

Chancellor Hibbs.
This venerable citizen of Kentucky was one of the counsel in the Pat Patch Case now under judicial investigation in Philadelphia. The Sun says he spoke with eloquence, and produced a marked sensation. He named many incidents of the early times—of the settlement of Kentucky—of the war of the Revolution. He is spoken of as the noblest specimen of a "fine old gentleman."

"And the Old Man Spoke."
Reverence is due to age. When virtuous old men give counsel, the young should listen with heedful ear, and consider with patient deliberation. There is no mark of manhood so truly noble as that which bows before honored age.

ALBERT GALLATIN, one of the patriots of our country, has given his views to the public on the war with Mexico. They will be scattered far and near. Will men of all parties consider them? Will partisans, on all sides, pause and reflect upon them? We know not what they are, but we trust that the "wise old man's counsel" will be well weighed by his countrymen.

Correction.
In our leader, last week, the words "population, and proposition," were used instead of the word "proportion." The intelligent reader doubtless discovered the typographical error.

Neo-Dramatic.
We gave a specimen of heroics peculiar to France a week or two since. Another has fallen under our notice so unique that we cannot withhold it.

Wassmus was a favorite "artist" in Paris. He made the choicest articles, and was a caterer to fashion. He turned assassin. But this only deepened the sympathy of all Paris for him, and made his trial a sort of triumph. The following is an account of it. The court was crowded, and the trial watched with the same interest that a drama would be when first seen by a novice. Wassmus shot his brother-in-law with a pistol, in consequence of his charging him with writing an anonymous letter. He did not deny the deed. He admitted it, but pleaded "no premeditation"—though the proof was, that he had, some hours before the murder, prepared his pistol, and gone to the house of his brother-in-law in a sedan chair.

"What is your object?" he was asked by his victim when they met.

"To demand an explanation," replied Wassmus; "you must retract your accusation and implore pardon."

"No," sternly said Wassmus and shot him dead.

He was arrested, and now imagine him before a court of France pleading "no premeditation." Wassmus addresses the court frequently; he sheds tears; a profound sensation is produced. He becomes by degrees a hero. The audience greet him as such. But what was his defence? Hear him.

"I was insulted by my brother-in-law. (sob.) I took him by the neck; it was said I choked him. Oh God! I was a prey to all sorts of hallucinations! I beheld night after night flames around me—I cried out 'beg pardon on your knees,' and lo! the pistol went off! (sob.) Oh! I would have given the world to not have taken that weapon. Heaven is my witness that I did not wish to kill him! Yes, I ask pardon of my God; but it was fatality—irresistible fatality—which guided and impelled me. I descended the stair-case, I reached the court—there I wished to dash my head against the wall, and then I was arrested. Oh, (groaning) since I am not dead, I am the most unfortunate of men."

The ladies sighed, the witnesses wept, and the jury handed in a verdict of acquittal, amid the applause of the whole assembly!

Chump Postage—Franking.
Low rates—this is the doctrine! Low rates! No other principle will suit the American people, or secure for the department a larger revenue.

The great evil is now—the franking system. People do not understand this. If they did, it would not stand an hour. Why should any set of men have the privilege of sending what they please, whether it be a shawl or a public document, and another be debared by a heavy tax from communicating his dearest thoughts to loved ones away, or receiving in return, that which would bless him and make him happy—Abolish the franking privilege, say we. Abolish it, and establish the lowest rates of postage.

Cist, of Cincinnati, speaking of the abuse of the franking privilege, says in his Advertiser:

The latest affair of the kind came to light during the late congressional election in Tennessee. I copy from the Knoxville Standard:

"On the 17th February, 1846, there came by mail, to my office, a packet, endorsed 'public document,' franked by Wm. M. Cooke, M. C., and addressed to Mr. Cist. The weight of the package was 2 lbs. 9 ozs.—1 lb. 7 ozs. of which was marked with \$7.80 postage, which amount was likewise charged in the post bill that accompanied it from the distributing post office, Abingdon, Va."

"The packet was opened in my presence, and found to consist of a case miniature, some five inches in length, about four in breadth, and three-fourths of an inch in thickness, enveloped in a large document by cutting the size of the miniature out of the document, the margin to surround it, and the top and bottom pages to cover it."

An examination of the post office law and instructions. I was fully satisfied that the amount of postage marked upon the packet was correct, which amount (\$7.80) was promptly paid.

WM. MORTON, Postmaster, Raleigh, Tenn., said: "All such temptations to evading should be removed by the abolition of the franking privilege."

The following serves to show the inevitable result of everything in the shape of extra privilege or allowance. It is taken from the British Whig, Kingston, Canada:

The government some time since gave notice that, as this is the second time of removal of the public officers within three years, free passages would be provided for those officers who chose to accept them, as well as free conveyance for their effects, and cases to pack them in. As may be imagined, most of the officers availed themselves of this kindness in its fullest extent, and a few not only packed up their movables, but also their firewood. A few days ago one large and weighty government packing case, while in the act of shipment, burst asunder, and its contents were found to be half a cord of wood, value three shillings and sixpence, the expense of case and freight to Montreal one shilling and sixpence—Total nine shillings and sixpence—Cist's Advertiser.

Avoy down in New Orleans!
The planters in La., so far as we have met them, are more liberal in their views of slavery than the planters of South Carolina. This may be attributed to a variety of causes; but chiefly to the fact, that the political pro-slavery action has never disturbed this State. The Louisiana planters, very generally, do not hesitate to acknowledge slavery a curse, and laugh at the idea that their soil could not be profitably cultivated by free labor.

There are, in the six New England States, 2,490 miles of Rail-road finished (now) or in process of construction. These roads contain an area of 61,784 square miles. They are thus set down—

State.	Miles R. Roads.	Area square miles.
Maine,	300	30,000
N. Hampshire,	475	9,164
Vermont,	370	9,566
Massachusetts,	200	7,500
Connecticut,	400	4,674
Rhode Island,	75	1,360

Beside the above, there are several hundred miles of railroad projected, for which charters have been obtained. The capital already invested in railroads in the New England States is supposed to amount to \$50,000,000.

Might.
The case of the Church of St. Augustine against the county of Philadelphia has at length been brought to a close, by the jury giving a verdict in favor of the Church for \$47,433.87. The damages were laid at \$53,627.75. The Judge's charge to the jury was strongly in favor of the plaintiff. On the law points he charged; 1st. That a corporation can recover against the county in a suit of this nature. The word "person" used in the act will apply to, and mean a corporation. 2d. That the jury may allow interest on the claim from the time the church was destroyed in 1844.

Difficulties.
Milton tells us that he dare be known to think the poet Spenser "a better teacher than Scutts or Aquinas;" and it is true that the poet, while they present to us "truth severe in fairy fiction dressed," often give us more impressive lessons with regard to the duties of life, than the professed teacher does. An incident in Tasso shows us in the most striking manner, how to deal with difficulties. We give the passage in Hoole's version, a friend having borrowed our Fairfax. When Alcaiso offered to enter the Enchanted Forest—

"To oppose His further way, a mass of flame arose; Wider each moment it expands, and higher, And seems one lofty wall of solid fire, Which round the wood a wondrous bulwark stands."

To guard its treasures from intrusive hands. Part above the rest aspiring grew. And seemed a towering castle to the view. The ramparts of this new-made wall to guard, Vast stores of warlike engines were prepared; And oh! in what dire crowds the infernal brood To guard the castle's stern and withering look.

Their weapons some with threatening gesture shook. Alcaiso was alarmed and retired. When Tancrond undertook to enter, the same wall of fire was there to oppose him. But he was not to be daunted by difficulties, and determined to make his way—

"If boldly I advance, the fire I see More fierce in aspect than in fact may be; But come the worst! As thus the hero spoke, A desperate leap amid the flames he took: Boldness unmatched! Yet did he heat intense, As of surrounding fire, affect his sense; Nor rightly, in a space so brief, he knew If fancied were the flames he saw, or true; For, hardly touched, the baseless phantom fell."

This is the way to meet difficulties. Plunge into them, and they are gone. There are always lions in the way; but if you march up to them boldly, they grow and retire. "Madame," said one of the ministers of Louis XVI. to Marie Antoinette

LITERARY EXAMINER.

For the Examiner.

The Marital of De Soto.

By R. T. COBB.

"Once more—oh, yet once more
Let me look forth upon the setting sun
The last time—and now, while I gaze
Upon his gorgeous disk, I too shall pass away
Even as the day-beam fades into night!
I remember—oh, how well—the gentle eve
I looked my last upon my native land,
How, as I sat and gazed, the sun went down,
A momentary sadness—a prophetic fear
Stole o'er my heart—and now—the self-same hour,
In this dread forest I am doomed to die!
Oh, what a vain, wild dream my life has been!
What mocking phantom hath my steps allured
Only to find, in these lone wilds, a grave!
Yet 'tis a noble one, you might say—
Nor prodder doth its builder find beneath
His stately pyramids—Here will I rest—
Here, 'neath the waters of this giant stream,
And my dirge shall be the solemn murmur
Of its ceaseless wave."

It was a strange, wild spot
Where the brave De Soto died lay.
From out the low canopy of ferns
Spring's sweetest birds were singing—and the breeze
Whispered sad music through the long, green cane,
That with a melancholy motion waved
The little camp around. And close at hand,
As if it would envelop the trees,
Rose a huge mound, and from its base there crept
A noiseless rail, whose dark and sullen wave
No sportive zephyr ever woke to smile!
The woods seemed shrouded for the hero's death,
The long, gray moss from every bough was hung,
And slowly swung with every fitful gust,
Like the tall plumes upon some stately bier.
The huge tree-tops were gilded as the rays
Climbed lengthening from the earth into the sky,
And as they went—with one long, gasping breath,
Spain's bravest warrior died!

Ah, bitter tears
Were shed for him—and stern, strong hearts
Were bowed
That dreary night among those shrouded trees,
As they looked back at all the buoyant hopes
That he and they had felt—how sad their end!
And when the sun again into the waste
Of wilderness beyond the river sank
His requiem was chanted:—One by one
The mailed soldiers joined the solemn strain
Until the notes of lamentation filled
The depths of the dark forest. Not a sound
Beside was heard except the fearful howl
Of the scared owl among the cypress boughs,
And the deep rushing of the turbid stream!
The moon was up, and huge, grim shadows lay,
Like slumbering Titans of the early world,
Across their path—and myriad fire-disks glowed
Like fiery lights, among their drooping heads
While thus they bared him on. Their muffled
Gave forth no sound, and all was still as death
Save the wild chant that floated far away
Thro' the dim woods and o'er the solemn stream:
A last, sad prayer, and with a sudden plunge
He sank to rest beneath that mighty wave—
The first who slept where thousands since
Have died.

From Chambers Journal.

The Novel-writer's World.

There is a point of view from which fiction may be studied with advantage, but from which I never had the pleasure of seeing it contemplated. There might, I think, be derived from this department of literature a great sense of thankfulness, that the actual world was not, as the fictitious one is, of the novelist's creation. It is very true that the fictionist makes a number of much more entirely virtuous men and women than the author of nature has done; but then comes in the sad drawback that they are thin, and mixed up with such a set of horrid people of all kinds, that they are of no manner of use but to be married at last, or at least to live happily all the rest of their days after the novel is concluded. The question is, if a world composed of a few Mr. Allworthys, and Lady Bountifuls, and Lord Truebels, in connection with a host of such indifferent characters as the novelist deals in, would answer. I say not. The villain of the piece would, to a certainty, have us murdered, or at least cast in a ruinous lawsuit, before Mr. Allworthy could come to the rescue or hear of our case. Virtuous innocence would have no chance, for it would be found that, that system of making a heroic peasant of the name of William Hawthorn spring out of the wood, to play off an irresistible sapling cut from the last hedge, would not work in real life. It would always be ten to one against the worthy fellow coming at the proper time. I have great doubts, moreover, if those admirable widowed women, who live in cottages or fifth floors, with paragon of daughters, would find themselves saved, in any considerable number of instances, from executions, by the happy return of long-lost sons with fortunes from India. The unparalleled inhumanity of the landlords of all poor widows' houses, in novels, would be too much for that set of amiable characters, and the consequences would be extremely distressing.

One great result of our having the novel-writer's creation established, would be a putting down of that class, the "good enough people." Now I much fear that we should not do nearly so well in this world if we wanted that class. They serve an immense number of useful purposes those good enough people. The most of the new generation are brought into the world and educated by them—they raise the corn, furnish the butcher meat, and import all the groceries required by mankind, not to speak of many other professional services. I don't know but they pay nearly the whole of the taxes. What we should do without such servicable, albeit commonplace citizens, I cannot pretend to imagine. The novelists, indeed, would take care to provide us with a set of most romantic, and far more sinned against than sinning male factors, who might be supposed to make up in some degree for the absence of the good folks; but I have doubts if a few amiable house-breakers and high-minded assassins would quite come to be the same thing. There could not fail to be some inconvenience felt from this great blank in society. Who knows but it might be fatal to the entire machine?

Another result would be a very general separation of the inclination from the ability to be liberal and generous. In the actual world, of the people who are able to be generous, there must be a very considerable number who are likewise disposed to be so; for how otherwise should our public charities be supported, not to speak of private benefactions, which we may also presume to be numerous? But if the novelist's world were established, all who had any money in their pockets would immediately become to the last degree selfish and hard-hearted, and there would be no liberality except amongst the coinless. It would obviously be a poor purpose if we only found we could get names to bills from persons who had no credit at the bank, or invitations to dinner from individuals forced to live upon potatoes and point. It would help marvellously ill to get us over a difficulty, if every one we applied to were to say, "My dear friend, I have all the wish in the world to oblige you, but I am myself at my wit's-end for half-a-crown." It would only be tantalizing to find the desire of advancing our fortunes exclusive to

those who were themselves out of suits with fortune. Better, we would think, that all were in heart-heated alike. But the positive inconvenience of living in a world where rich people could in no way be bled, must strike every body so forcibly, that it is scarcely necessary to dilate upon the subject. A world without heat, or light, or water, or some other of the great physical elements of existence, can be contemplated with some degree of patience, but not a world without a relation, or a friend susceptible of being squeezed.

It seems to me also very clear that the actual character of our relatives and associates in the world is greatly superior to what the novelists would give us. In the actual world, one often has a decent enough sort of uncle—perhaps half a father to one, supposing real fathers to be wanting—always sure to have an exhibition of lamb and sherry at his nephew's service on Sunday afternoons, and pretty sure to help handsomely in the outfit of nieces for marriage at home, or for expeditions to go and reside with married sisters in India. Now this the novelists would entirely deprive us of, giving us, instead, some rascally old dog who conceals with in our favor, and treats us with all sorts of gross cruelties. * Step-mothers of actual life are often exceedingly worthy creatures. I have known many who were a blessing to their adopted children. But the stepmothers of the novelists—what atrocious wretches they always are! That, too, were a bad exchange. Then as to persons connected with us in our affairs. Did anybody ever know a novel's steward or agent turn out aught but a rogue? Only imagine us obliged to commit our property to such persons as fiction can furnish for that purpose, what a beggarly reckoning should we have of it in a few years! Beyond a doubt every estate in the country would, in a novelists world, shift owners each generation. It must be owned that, in the ideal creation, we should probably have some small consolation in one of those exceedingly faithful and attached old servants who always insist upon sharing their ruined master's sorrows, fortunes without wages or perquisites. This may, however, be allowed, and still the balance will be vastly in favor of the real world, seeing that the stewards of that creation are usually worthy persons, doing their best for their employers' interest, and thus saving them from all occasions to evoke the disinterestedness of their inferior domestics.

There are a few features of the novelist's creation that I am not quite sure about. For instance, that certainty of murder coming out. One once how feels it to be an unpleasant peculiarity of the actual world that a throat may be cut, and the door of the deed escape detection. It seems much preferable that the guilty man should be sure to be exposed by some bloody handkerchief, or some mark of his feet on the floor, or some bone discovered in digging a well, as is the common case in novels; so that he is sure to be punished for his crime. On the other hand, there are so many things to give us a general assurance of the good management of Providence, that we may perhaps be allowed to doubt if a certainty in the detection of murder would be an improvement. It is just possible that the tightening of this apparently loose screw might lead to the unfastening of some other of greater importance, in which case we might wish to trespass in the least upon upon the domain of extravagance. For this reason, the fiction-world is necessarily a tame, equable sort of world. Very different is the world of actuality, where one day a Bonaparte rises to astonish mankind, and another day ships take upon themselves to sail against wind and tide, and men begin to journey from London to Edinburgh between breakfast and supper. Men, too, do such strange things in the actual world—things come about in such odd ways—life is so full of whimsical surprises, and happy coincidences, and entirely original trains of events, that there is no end to our entertainment. In the progress of science a liberal mind can never be without some thing like a continual feast. Even the newspaper of the day presents in general such wonderful doings in some part or other of the world, in public or in private affairs, that the best romances are apt to appear tame in comparison.

I return, then, to the expression of thankfulness with which I started—that we live in the actual, and not in a fictitious world.

AS IN SOUTH AMERICA.—But there is one variety of art which must be excluded from all commendation. There is a small species called the Satire, and they are a terrible annoyance to the proprietors of reviews, inasmuch as they strip the fruit-trees of their leaves. An army of these will march to the tree, part ascending, and the others remaining below. Those above commence their devastation, clipping off the leaves by large pieces; and those below shoulder them as they fall, and march away to their rendezvous. It is surprising that a load of these little things will carry, as disproportionate to its size as if a man should stalk off with an oak. Before morning, not a leaf is left upon the tree, and the unfortunate proprietor has the consolation of knowing that, unless he can discover the retreat of the satirists, and unholo them, one by one every tree on his premises will be stripped.—*Edwards's Voyage up the Amazon.*

THE LAW'S DELAY.—In the one case, there is a straight road of a mile long, and without a turnpike in it: in the other case, you may go to, or at least towards, the same place by a road of a hundred miles in length—full, accordingly, of turnings and windings—full, moreover, of quicksands and pitfalls, and equally full of turnpikes. In conducting the traveler, nothing obliges the conductors to avoid the straight road, and drag him along the crooked one: nor would they ever have given themselves any such trouble, had it not been for the turnpikes, the tolls of which are so regularly settled, and the tolls in such good keeping: learned feet, could they be prevailed on, are no less capable of treading the road than unlearned ones.—*Benthamiana.*

PICKWICK, BOZ, AND OTHER MATTERS.—In the course of the last dozen years, says Mr. Dickens, in the preface to the new edition of his works, I have seen various accounts of the origin of these *Pickwick Papers* which have, at all events, possessed, for me, the charm of perfect novelty. As I may infer, from the occasional appearance of such histories, that my readers have an interest in the matter, I will relate how they came into existence.

I was a young man of three-and-twenty, when the present publishers, attracted by some pieces I sent at that time writing in the Morning Chronicle newspaper, (of which one series had lately been collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by my esteemed friend, Mr. George Cruikshank,) waited upon me to propose something that should be published in shilling numbers, then only known to me, or I believe any body else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form, which, some five-and-twenty years ago, to be carried about the country by pedlars, and over some of which I remember to have shed innumerable tears, before I served my apprenticeship to life.

When I opened my door in Furnival's inn to the managing partner who represented the firm, I recognized in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, my first copy of the magazine in which my first offering—dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter box, in a dark office, up a dark court, in Fleet street—appearing in all the glories of print on which occasion, by the bye—how well I recollect it!—I walked down to Westminster hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride, that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor of the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen; and so fell to business.

The idea propounded to me was, that the monthly something should be a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by Mr. Seymour; and there was a notion, either on the part of that admirable humorous artist, or of my visitor, (I forget which,) that a "Ninrod Club," the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity, would be the best means of introducing these. I objected, on consideration, that, although born and partly bred in the country, I was no great sportsman, except in regard of all kinds of locomotion; that the idea was not novel, and had been already much used; that it would be infinitely better for the plates to arise naturally out of the text; and that I should like to take my own way, with a free range of English scenes and people, and in any case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself at starting.

My views being deferred to, I thought of Mr. Pickwick, and wrote the first number, from the proof sheets of which Mr. Seymour made his drawing of the club, and that happy portrait of its founder, by which he is always recognized, and which may be said to have made him a reality. I connected Mr. Pickwick with a club, because of the original suggestion, and I put in Mr. Winkle expressly for the use of Mr. Seymour.

We started with a number of twenty-four pages instead of thirty-two, and four illustrations in lieu of a couple. Mr. Seymour's sudden and lamented death, before the second number was published, brought about a quick decision upon a point already in agitation; the number became one of thirty-two pages, with two illustrations, and remained so to the end. My friends told me it was a low, cheap form of publication, by which I should run all my rising hopes; and how right my friends turned out to be every body now knows.

"Boz," my signature in the Morning Chronicle, appended to the monthly cover of this book, and retained long afterwards, was the nickname of my pet child, a young brother, whom I had dubbed Moses, in honor of the Vicar of Wakefield, which being facetiously pronounced through the nose, became Boses, and being shortened, became Boz. "Boz" was very familiar household word to me, long before I was an author, and so I came to adopt it.

PATERNAL DUTY.—The father who plunges into business so deeply that he has no leisure for domestic duties and pleasures, and whose only intercourse with his children consists in a brief and occasional word of authority, or a surly lamentation over their intolerable expensiveness, is equally to be pitied and to be blamed. What right has he to devote to other pursuits the time which God has allotted to his children? Nor is it any excuse to say that he cannot support his family in their present style of living with his own efforts. I ask, by what right can his family demand to live in a manner which requires him to neglect his most solemn and important duties? Nor is it an excuse to say that he wishes to leave them a competence. Is he under obligation to leave them that competence which he desires? Is it an advantage to them to be relieved from the necessity of labor? Besides, is money the only desirable bequest which a father can leave to his children? Surely well-cultivated intellects, hearts sensible to domestic affection; the love of parents, and brethren, and sisters; a taste for home pleasures, habits of order, regularity, and industry; a hatred of vice and vicious men; and a lively sensibility to the excellence of virtue—are as valuable a legacy as an inheritance of property—simple property, purchased by the loss of every habit which could render that property a blessing.—*Wayland's Moral Science.*

INDEPENDENCE.—When you have pared away all the vanity, what solid and natural contentment does there remain, which may not be had with five hundred pounds a year? Not so many servants or horses; but a few good ones, which will do all the business as well; not so many choice dishes at every meal; but at several meals the one, which makes them both the more healthy and the more pleasant; not so rich garments, nor so frequent changes; but as warm and as comely, and so frequent change too, as is every just as good for the master, though not such a stately palace, nor gilt rooms, or the costliest sorts of tapestry; but a convenient brick house, with decent wainscot, and pretty forest-work hangings. Lastly (for I omit all other particulars, and will end with that which I love most in both conditions,) not whole woods cut in walks, nor vast parks, nor fountain, or cascade-gardens; but herb and flower, and fruit-gardens, which are more useful, and the water every whit as clear and wholesome, as if it darted from the breasts of a marble nymph, or the urn of a river-god.

CONVULSION.

Misers, as death approaches, are heaping up a chest of reasons, to stand in more awe of him.

From the City Item.

Although the voice wither
That round Love's bowler grew,
My fancy wanders thither,
And nimbly stems to view;
And memory seems to render
Their forms still fresh and fair,
As moonlight gives a splendor
To branches bleak and bare.
Although the wild harp slumber
That echoed from that bower,
I've treasured the sweet numbers
To cheer this lonely hour.
And while hope's strains of gladness
Seem destined to depart,
Fond memory's tones of sadness
Still linger round the heart.
And though I'm doomed to wander
Far from that happy spot,
The vision strikes the fonder,
As no'er to be forgot;
For hope may glide to-morrow
With beams not meant to last,
But memory lingers to borrow
The radiance of the past.

MR. BRYANT, the poet, sometimes relieves the labors of political editing, by throwing off a gem, like the following, which he sang the other day, at the dedication of a Unitarian place of worship in Boston. [N. Y. Express.

Ancient Days! except thou deign
Upon our finished task to smile,
The workman's hand has toiled in vain,
To hew the rock, and rear the pile.
O, let thy peace, the peace that tames
The wayward heart, inhabit here;
That quenches passion's fiercest flames,
And thaws the deadly frost of fear.

And send thy love, the love that bears
Meekly with hate, and scorn, and wrong;
And lend us thine own generous care,
And tell, and hope, and watch along.

Here may bold tongues thy truth proclaim,
Unfolding us the darkest of men,
As from his holy lips it came,
Who died for us, and rose again.

From the Manchester Examiner.

The Genius and Writings of Leigh Hunt.
Of all living English writers, there is not one towards whom there exists a more general feeling of kindness and gratitude than Leigh Hunt. This friendly gratitude has arisen from the peculiar characteristics of his writings—from their sympathy and genuine cordiality—their cheerful, hopeful tone, in short, their fullness of overflowing with that spirit which is best expressed by the beautiful but neglected old English word "loving kindness." We know of no writer who has done more to make hearts and homes happy by peeping them with pleasant thoughts; for he quickens us into a livelier consciousness of our blessings, and communicates to our ordinary duties, and the simple objects of our daily way-side walk, a freshness and interest which it becomes a kind of grateful duty to him to acknowledge.

The tendency of all that Leigh Hunt has written is to cheerfulness of existence. He reconciles us to ourselves, draws off our minds from remote visions of some future possible good, or painful remembrance of the past, and fixes our attention upon the actual blessings and privileges about us. He is one of the best teachers we know of that kind of contentment and gratitude which arises from a thankful recognition of those minor joys by which all of us are more or less surrounded, and to the value of which most of us are by far too insensitive. And then with what a delicate and fine touch he pierces our selfishness! In what a kindly way he convinces us of our uncharitableness, and puts to rout our self-delighting fallacies! With what a jovial hilarity he banters us out of our moroseness, and laughs at our ill-humor, until at last we are ashamed of our weakness, and determine to be wiser and better for the future! We never rise from a few hours' perusal of any of his charming books, without a sense of obligation to him for stimulating to a desire of generous activity those sympathies which habit and daily contact too often render languid and inert. Everything that comes from his pen is refreshing and full of good will to all the world. A belief in good, the recognition of universal beauty, and a brotherly consideration for mistake and circumstance, will be found pervading every essay he has written. To minds disturbed, or set on edge by crosses and disappointments, we know of no more effective soothe than "a course" of Leigh Hunt. His own buoyant spirit is a fine example of the impossibility of crushing the heart of a true man, be his misfortunes and hardships ever so severe; and no man has suffered the rubs of fortune more bravely than he has done. A popular writer once spoke of him as "a gray-headed boy whose heart can never grow old." Those who are familiar with his writings will recognize the truthfulness of this remark, and remember how this perpetual youthfulness of feeling shows itself, in a thousand different ways, throughout all his works.

Another winning peculiarity of Leigh Hunt's writings is their frank, friendly, conversational tone—the pleasantly egotistical and almost confidential manner in which he tells us every now and then of his own private notions and sentiments—so that we begin to fancy he is addressing ourselves in particular, and not his readers in general. There is such an easy, fireside way about him, that it is like talking with an old intimate friend. He runs on from one theme to another with the most sprightly exuberance—now discussing with hearty sympathy the merits of Chaucer or Spenser, or some other old poet, and pointing out to us the beauty and true meaning of a favorite passage—now bringing out the sentiment of an ancient classical story, or dwelling upon his first impressions of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments—then, perhaps entering into a curious speculation regarding "persons one would wish to have seen," Shakespeare, for instance, or Petrarch, or Chaucer, or Sir Philip Sidney—or, in a more gossiping vein, relating some characteristic anecdote of Cowley, or Pope, or Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, or Colley Cibber, or Mrs. Centlivre, or reporting snatches of racy court scandal from the diary of Samuel Pepys. Then he will get into a philosophical humor, and discourse "of the slow rise of the most rational opinions," and quote wise and statesmanlike sentences from Lord Bacon's "Essays," or Milton's "Areopagitica." On another occasion he comes to us when he is running over with news of the fields and the woods, and can speak of nothing but May-day, and May-poles, and the young spring frolics.

He will give an hour's description of the pleasures of breakfasting in the country on a fine summer morning, with open window looking out upon a bright green lawn, with the air breathing in fresh and balmy, the sunlight streaming through the foliage, and casting its chequering shadows upon the favorite books and pictures with which the parlor walls are adorned; upon the table a few panicles freshly plucked, contrasting well with the snow-white cloth; and a bee humming about from cup to cup, seeking to partake of the honey which she herself probably assisted to furnish. At another time, perhaps, when some calamity has overtaken you, and affliction lies heavy upon a household, he comes in the guise of an old and tried friend of the family, with all a friend's privileges; and sits by your

heard, and suggests many a tender and solemn thought about death and immortality. His manner has more than its usual kindness; his voice sounds gravely, yet there is almost cheerfulness in its tone when he says that "The best part of what you loved still remains, an indeluctable possession—that although the visible form be taken away, that was only lent for a season, whereas the love itself is immortal, and the consciousness of it will ever abide to strengthen your faith, and soothe you amid the stir and fever of life." Or it may be that he speaks of "The Deaths of Little Children," and then he almost makes you feel as if his true friend's hand were pressing your own, as he goes on to tell you that "Those who have lost an infant are never, as it were, without an infant child—that the other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality; but this one alone is rendered an immortal child; for Death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence." In the rough winter time again, "when wind and rain beat dark December," he will tell you of "A Day by the Fire," which he had not long since—with all its home comforts and accompaniments—the pleasant hour before the candles are lighted—the gazing meditatively into the fire—the kettle "whispering its faint under-song," and the cheerful tea-table with its joyous faces, and the pleasant hours between tea-time and bed-time spent in the free utterance of thought as it comes, with a little music perhaps, or the reading of some favorite passages to stimulate the conversational powers of the circle; while every now and then the rain rattles against the windows, and the howling in such a way as to make everybody think of the sea and the poor sailors, and people who have to be out of doors in such weather; and last of all, the quiet half hour after every one had retired but himself—when all around was silent, the fading embers reminding him where he should be all these, and a thousand things else, in doors and out of doors, in books, in nature, and in men, he talks about in a way so natural, easy, and colloquial—so marked by a pervading kindness of feeling—entering so heartily into all our tastes and thoughts, and enlisting all the while so thoroughly our sympathies, that we cannot but class him in the foremost rank of our most genial essayists, and place his writings among our choicest "parlor window-seat books," to be taken up in the brief intervals of active and social life, sure to find in them something which appeals to our most cherished tastes, and meets with our immediate appreciation.

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